

what we

used to do was
bring eddie mackey
our chicken & steak
bones & watch him
go get his hammer
then he'd sit cross
legged on the side
walk & start pounding
them into splinters
sometimes he'd smash
them so hard they'd
fly up even w/his
face the harder he
slammed that metal
into those cracked &
shattered needles
the more he smiled
afterward he'd
sit grinning w/pieces
of bone in his hair